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The Missile

NOVEMBER, 1914.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.

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THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Vol. IV. NOVEMBER, 1914. No. I.

AUTUMN.

Of all of the beautiful seasons
The Autumn is dearest to me;
For then the air seems the sweetest,
And things are as bright as can be.

The golden rod blooms in the meadow,
The thistle blooms down by the brook;
The world is of shades and of shadows,
Like a picture from some fairy book.

The fairies have painted the leafage
All crimson and auburn and gold.
They purchased the brightest of colors
Where only bright colors are sold.

There is not that dull heat of the summer,
Nor the wind that with winter does dwell;
But the air is so very refreshing,
For Autumn has come with her spell.

Just look at that bright colored hillside,
The sumacs as fires do glow,
And right over there in the valley
A thick purple mist settles low.

'Tis because of its freshness and beauty,
That Autumn to us is so dear,
And also because Autumn warns us
That winter ere long will be here.

MARY C. MCCALEB, '15.

HER UNOFFICIAL ENGAGEMENT.

THE TRAIN puffed up a steep grade as the conductor called out, "Franklin!" A young girl who had been gazing from a window with unseeing eyes sighed, turned away, pulled down her veil, and reaching for her bag and umbrella, prepared to get off. When the train stopped, she stepped off and was immediately clasped in the arms of a stout, motherly looking woman with gray hair and a winning smile.

"Why, Aunt Patricia, it's good to see you again. And, I declare, if this isn't Bess!" and she patted the head of a horse that was standing hitched to a large buggy by the depot.

Mrs. Wilson laughed and bade the girl get in. "For you know," she said, "Hannah won't keep lunch waiting. But, Patsy dear, I would hardly have known you. You have changed, but I don't know exactly how."

A little frown settled on the girl's brow and she appeared to be thinking, but only for a moment.

"Changed?" she said, "why, Aunty dear, I suppose I have. Two years in Europe and one in New York, with Aunt Justis, would change anyone, wouldn't it? But, Aunt Patricia," and there was an appealing expression in the violet eyes, "at heart I am the same Patsy of old; the same naughty girl who broke the sugar bowl and stole the tea cakes out of the pantry."

Mrs. Wilson laughed heartily and patted the tiny gloved hand that held the umbrella. "I know, dearie, that the true Patsy could not have changed, and I'm glad, very glad."

In a few minutes they turned from the road into a lane which led up to a large colonial house, painted white and set in an extensive lawn dotted here and there with trees.

"You may run up to your room, Patsy dear, while I cut a few flowers for the table; by that time luncheon will be ready."

Patsy ran up the wide mahogany stairs and entering a high-pitched room, the color scheme of which was worked out in pink and white, dropped into a low rocker to rest a few minutes.

"Oh!" she cried to herself, "Everything is the same here as of old, but it is different from the continent and New York," and she shuddered, "and I love it, I love it."

Patsy jumped up hastily and rearranging her auburn hair in a loose knot on the back of her neck, went down to luncheon, after which she curled up in a hammock shaded by a large tree, to take a nap. But she could not sleep and thoughts of her life for the past three years kept coming up before her.

She thought of how she had been taken by Mrs. Van Warren to Europe to be educated, after which she had had a season in New York. Patsy had been *the* debutante of the season and naturally when the Duke of Salisbury began to pay her marked attention, society whispered, "What a lovely match!" Patsy, child that she was, being eighteen, imagined that she was very much in love with him and the engagement was officially announced. But this did not last. Soon afterward she found out that the Duke was really in love with Elsie Winters. But, Elsie was poor, while Patsy was very wealthy. The poor, disillusioned girl broke the engage-

ment and after remaining in New York nearly three months came to stay with Aunt Patricia.

The girl turned in the hammock and burying her face in her arm cried softly, "And I loved him so!"

Poor, little unhappy child! Life, for the moment, had lost its charm for her.

Presently she arose and started toward the house, but she was surprised to see Aunt Patricia talking to some one on the front porch.

"It is Mrs. Field," the girl said under her breath.

"Why, if it isn't Patsy French!" the old lady cried, smiling at the girl. "Come right here my dear, I want to talk to you. You've changed right much," she continued eyeing Patsy critically. "You have the pretty hair and eyes you used to have, but your nose still turns up a bit at the end. Patricia, I think I'll sample that blackberry wine you were telling me about." Whereupon Aunt Patricia departed in the direction of the pantry leaving Mrs. Field to fire her volley of questions at Patsy. "I guess you've seen the McGuire boys? You know they are my nephews, and they've been here a week. By the way, my dear, I heard that you and Teddy were engaged."

"What!" exclaimed Patsy, her eyes aflame. Engaged to Ted McGuire? He was the one man whom she utterly detested. For a minute her blood boiled and then she became perfectly cold and said, "Yes, but it hasn't been announced."

The old lady sat up, a perfect exclamation point. Aunt Patricia came out on the porch with the wine and Patsy took this as an excuse for leaving. She fled into the house and up to her room where she sank on her knees

by the window, and tried to gather together her scattered wits.

What had she done? Why had she told Mrs. Field that she was engaged to Ted? Patsy knew that the old lady would tell everyone whom she knew and the news would travel like wild fire. What would he say? And her cheeks burned with mortification. However there was nothing she could do now, and soon afterward, on the plea of a headache, she went to bed.

The next morning Patsy went into Franklin to mail some letters, and she had hardly entered the door of the post-office when Anne Mercer, an intimate friend, came rushing up to her and kissed her.

"Patsy, dear girl, I'm so very glad to see you and I've just heard about your engagament. Congratulations! Do let me see your ring!" and she took up one of Patsy's bare hands.

"Anne, dear," she stammered, her cheeks crimson, "it's—it's being reset."

"Of course," and Anne smiled, "I'll see it another time, but I must go now. I'll see you at the Bartons' dance Monday night."

Patsy hurried away to make one or two small purchases, but before the morning was over she had received congratulations from about twenty friends and only by skilful maneuvering had she evaded meeting Teddy McGuire.

The next few days Patsy stayed at home and by pleading illness saw no one except her aunt. On Monday night she went to the Bartons' dance, but with a heavy heart indeed. True enough she had not thought of the

Duke for three or four weeks and she began to wonder by this time if she had really been in love with him.

The dance was nearly over when Patsy, looking in the conservatory for a pin she had lost and feeling utterly miserable, came face to face with Ted.

"Why, Miss French—Patsy, I'm awfully glad to see you. I've seen you before to-night and wanted a chance to speak to you."

Patsy's ears were tingling and she could feel the color mounting to her face.

"Yes—I—Mr. McGuire," she stammered, and then she could restrain herself no longer. "Oh, Teddy!" she cried, "I know this is an awful mess I have gotten myself and you into. I feel disgraced, and it was all my fault. Mrs. Fields started it. Don't you remember how we used to hate her because she would tease us? Well, when she asked me if I was en—engaged to—to you, something wicked in me said, 'Tell her "Yes"' and then I was too proud to retract it. But I'm sorry now. I can't bear this any longer and I'm going to tell every one the truth about it," and Patsy arose. She was trembling and there was a sob in her voice.

Ted looked at this slip of a girl, clothed in a gown of soft white material, whom he had always loved and who now stood gazing up at him with wide-open, sorrowful, violet eyes.

"Patsy, Patsy, dear," and his voice trembled, "You know I love you. I've loved you always. Don't tell them different."

"Why," and her voice was almost a whisper, "why there's nothing I could tell them except, except——"

"Then, dear," he whispered, "we'll tell them the exception."

G. Spooner Dunn, '16.

THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

CHARLES MURRAY had just gone through one of the pleasantest experiences in life, that of graduating, and he was now preparing to enter college, to realize a desire which had been his for many years. He was so happy to think that now he was really to go. It seemed almost like a dream, for he was a poor boy with no one but his mother to look after him, and it seemed as though it was the work of a higher power that the money had come to him, and a good home for his mother.

The school to which he was going was in a very small town, and the railroad station was just a short distance from the campus, so it was an easy matter to find one's way to the college.

The time soon came when Charles was to leave for his new home. He bade his mother and friends good-bye, and then left. He soon reached the little college town, and immediately went to his room.

At first, he was rather homesick, and felt that if he could only see his mother he would feel much better; but he soon became so busy with his studies that he had very little time in which to think of others. Charles had not been at school very long before he had won the friendship of almost every pupil there, for he was a noble and true boy.

He had just returned from a game of ball late one cold November evening, just before the Thanksgiving holidays, and he was in the very best of spirits, not only because he should soon see his mother, but because his side had won by his brilliant plays. He was sitting in his

cosy little room, with only the glow of the grate and the stars as his companions. As he sat thus, building beautiful air-castles he heard the whistle of the train blow as though it were a distress signal, but he paid no attention to the strange noise until he heard several of the boys rushing through the hall, and then he ran out to learn the cause of the disturbance, and found that the train had run into an open switch and been wrecked.

Everybody was rushing to see the terrible calamity, and it seemed to Charles that he could not get there quickly enough. Just as he reached the place someone called for help; and before he thought, he had thrown his coat to the ground, and was waiting for orders.

He helped lift the dead and wounded from underneath the wreckage until he was almost exhausted. His friends pled with him to make each trip his last, but to no avail, for he still worked. He was carrying what he thought to be the last victim from the entanglement when he heard the cry of help. He was so weak that he could hardly reach the spot from which the cry came, but when he did so, he found a beautiful young girl caught under some lumber. It took quite a bit of work to release her, but he finally, after a struggle, got her safely to the place where the wounded were being cared for, and then he fell exhausted to the floor. Medical attention was given him at once, and he was then taken to his room, where he remained for several days.

* * * * * * * *

The years had passed, and Charles had become a prominent lawyer in his own town. One day he received a note requesting him to be present at a dinner party to be given by one of his friends in honor of a guest.

Charles at first thought that he would not go, but finally allowed himself to be persuaded. He was quite surprised when he arrived, to be ushered into the presence of the girl he had rescued years ago. He had the pleasure of talking with her several times during the evening, and before he left had received permission to see her again.

In just six years after the wreck in the little college town, another event occurred, but of quite a different nature, and the crowd which assembled at the station came not for the purpose of rescuing the wounded, but to wish Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murray a happy and prosperous married life.

MABEL HATCHETT, '15.

PASSING THE BUTTER.

Among the guests at a mountain resort up in Vermont, where the waiters are Massachusetts schoolma'ams, was a Texas man who was not noted for grammatical accuracy in speaking. One day he said to a waiter:

"Miss, will you parse that butter ?"

"Butter," said the schoolma'am promptly, "is a noun; common noun because it is the name of a thing, and a very poor thing, too, sometimes; singular number, when strong enough to go alone; feminine gender, as indicated by the long hairs often found in it; and judging from the objections raised by the boarders to eating it, in the objective case, subject to oleomargarine understood."

The Texas man said he guessed he would try to get along without butter if that was what ailed it.

MR. THOMPKINS' CUFF BUTTON.

"SWEETNESS," said Mr. Thompkins, feeling under the bed, "have you seen my silver cuff button?"

"I saw it on our wedding day," responded Mrs. Thompkins happily. "What makes you ask?"

"What makes me ask? What makes me ask? Do I usually ask just to be talking? I've lost the blooming thing," said Mr. Thompkins, running a poker down a rat hole as if he expected to extract a cuff button on the round end of a poker.

"You don't imagine that it could have gotten down there, do you?" asked Mrs. Thompkins. "Where did you have it last?"

"Had it in my cuff. Where do you suppose I had it? Do you suppose I put it in the collection plate?" and Mr. Thompkins tore up the matting to see if it had gotten under there.

"Where did you leave your shirt?" ventured Mrs. Thompkins.

"On, where do you suppose I left my shirt! Where do I generally leave my shirt, Mrs. Thompkins? Have an idea I left it on the trolly car, haven't you? Well, I didn't. I left it where I threw it, Mrs. Thompkins. That's where I left it. Right where I threw it." And Mr. Thompkins continued to pull great handfulls of goose feathers out of an old mattress.

"But where is your shirt now?" insisted Mrs. Thompkins.

"Where in thunderation do you imagine it is? Will you

answer? I know where it is, Mrs. Thompkins—it's taken French leave for the Panama Exposition, where it is going sell toilet soap and vacuum cleaners. The ignorance of some people! Ask me where is my shirt! You know I haven't been out of the house since I took my bath."

And Mr. Thompkins made a violent attack upon the innocent coal skuttle, and emptied its contents upon the carpet.

"Did you send it to one of your friends?" volunteered Mrs. Thompkins, as he began to review his vocabulary of profanity.

"Maybe so, maybe I did, a very bright idea. I threw it down the well, to see if it could float," expostulated Mr. Thompkins as he felt in all of his castaway shoes.

"It must have slipped out," sighed Mrs. Thompkins.

"Indeed! Indeed! It must have slipped out? Funny I never thought of that. My idea was that it had strayed off to hunt for wild honeysuckles." And Mr. Thompkins tore down the bust of Julius Caesar to see if it had gotten under that.

"Now if he had it when he undressed, it must be near his shirt some where. He always throws his shirts on the dresser, and there I shall most likely find the button. No, the shirt is not on the dresser, where can it be?" And Mrs. Thompkins, in a last despairing effort, glanced out of the window, and there was Mr. Thompkins' shirt hanging on a rose bush. He had thrown it out of the window in his haste.

Mrs. Thompkins left Mr. Thompkins rummaging on the top shelf in the closet, hurried down the steps and out of the door at frightful speed and made one long dive at that innocent shirt. In the cuff hanging peace-

fully Mrs. Thompkins found that famous cuff button. She sighed, and with her remaining energy said, "That's just like a man!"

WALLACE J. RIDOUT, '16.

GO AHEAD.

When you think that you are right—Go ahead.
Keep you motto in your sight—Go ahead.
Do not heed your pal's reply,
Do not list to any sigh,
But upon yourself rely—Go ahead.

When you're on the battle-field—Go ahead.
Though about you others yield—Go ahead.
Do not wait until the night;
Be the first one in the fight,
Do your best while there is light—Go ahead.

If in the front you stand—Go ahead.
To the needy lend a hand—Go ahead.
If you meet a burly foe,
Hit him hard a stunning blow;
Never let your lamp burn low—Go ahead.

When they criticise your act—Go ahead.
Till your efforts prove the fact—Go ahead.
Hike along with steady tread,
Never dare to lower head
Till your place is with the dead—Go ahead.

EDWARD L. TRAYLOR, '16.

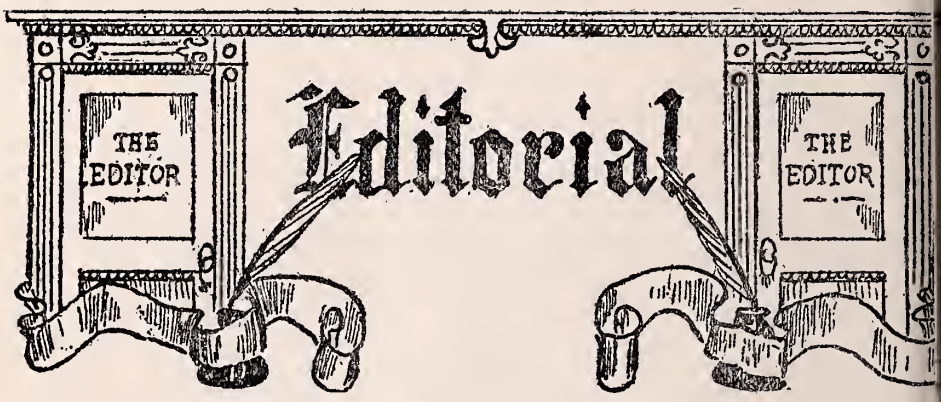
In Memoriam.

GRAHAM VOLNEY McMANAWAY.

September 8, 1888 — July 16, 1914.

A graduate of the Petersburg High School and a Bachelor of Arts of Richmond College.

Our devoted friend and former teacher of History.



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Fred L. Riddle, '17 . . . . . Circulating Manager
G. Spooner Dunn, '16 . . . . . Editor of "A Few Pointers"
Charles Jackson, '16, Hugh E. Jackson, '18 . . . . . Art Editors

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THE EDITORS are quite proud of the fact that we have been selected for the honor of directing the course of *The Missile* for the present term, but yet it is with a great deal of awe that we take up the responsibilities

of our new duties. We recognize the fact that the past work of *The Missile* has been of a very high order and that, if we wish to come up to the past performances, we have quite a difficult proposition to face. Nevertheless, merely to come up to past standards is not our purpose, for this would not be in keeping with the progressive spirit of the present age. It is our endeavor to make *The Missile* even superior to what it has been in the past, and we shall do everything in our power towards the accomplishment of this purpose.

However, no matter how conscientiously the staff may work, unless the members of the student body co-operate with the editors in every possible way, the magazine will not be a success; for it is absolutely absurd to think for a moment that the few members of the staff can accomplish the work of nearly three hundred pupils in the proper manner. Perhaps your first work may not be worthy of publication, but do not let that fact discourage you. Ask yourself this question, "Is this the result of the best effort that I am capable of?" Then if you can answer this question in the affirmative you have faithfully done your duty and your position is one of just as much honor as is his whose name appears at the end of an article that is published, for when you have put forth the best effort that you are capable of you have done all that anyone could expect of you.

THE success of every organization depends upon the enthusiasm of its members. This is shown in every department of life—both work and sport. Why could Napoleon literally change the map of Europe? The en-

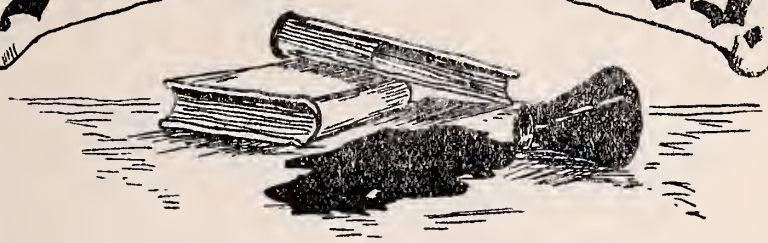
thusiasm on the part of his followers was one reason. Why did the Boston Club win the championship of the "World's Series" in base-ball? Because of the enthusiasm of the members. The lack of enthusiasm on the part of the "Athletics" helped to keep them from again being the victors, and from gaining the championship which they claimed for three successive years.

What about the enthusiasm of the members of the High School? Do you belong to the foot-ball, base-ball, or basket ball teams? Perhaps you cannot play as well as some of your school-mates, but you can certainly become a member of the Athletic Association; and you certainly can root. Come out and inspire and encourage the teams of old P. H. S. by your cheering and singing—nothing could be of more benefit to them. If, out on the field the members of the team are doing their best, it stands to reason that you, a member of the same school, should be doing your part by selling as many tickets as you can, and by coming out to root for your team. Be thankful that you are a member of the Petersburg High School—and root! Be proud of the team you have—still root! Be thankful it is one of the winning kind; encourage it; inspire it; root! ROOT! ROOT!

So let us one and all get more enthusiasm in all of our duties, either work or sport. Remember it is *our* Literary Society, *our* Team, *our* Magazine, *our* School. Let us have societies of which we are proud; teams that win; and, last but not least, a magazine which measures up to the expectations of old P. H. S.

WORK! SING! WRITE! ROOT!

School Notes



The work for the fall term is now well under way, and every one is inspired with new hopes and ambitions. The climatic conditions since our opening have been ideal and from present indications our school is beginning one of the most successful years in its history. The faculty with two exceptions is the same as last year. Mr. H. A. Miller assumed charge of the English Department in place of Miss Alice W. Dargan, our efficient instructor for the past two years, and Miss Belle Robinson is the new assistant in the Commercial Department. We feel confident that we shall enjoy the work under the new teachers.

Another change in the personnel of the schools is that Mr. R. R. Jones has been succeeded by Mr. F. M. Martin as Superintendent. In losing Mr. Jones Petersburg has lost a worthy citizen whose place it will bedifficult to fill, but we feel sure that Mr. Martin will be a worthy successor. By hiscordial manner, his interest in athletics and all other school activities, he has already made many friends among our students.

One of Miss Cooper's enterprising young pupils recently told her that he saw advertised that a prize was to be given for the best collection of rocks at the fair. Upon investigation, it was found that *Plymouth Rocks* were meant.

. . . . . .

Miss F. recently remarked that she saw the sun sit on a bank of trees. What imagination!

. . . . . .

Despite President Wilson's request for neutrality, Miss H. of IVA, when asked as to the whereabouts of the river Severn, promptly replied, "In Hades."

. . . . . .

Mr. E. of IVB English quoted, "The small boy's voice ran off." Let up hope it did not run very far.

. . . . . .

"How doth the busy (IV) bees improve each shining minute?

By cramming English, Latin, 'Trig,' for everything that's in it."

. . . . . .

Wanted—Some headache powders for Mr. A. during IB2 Latin class.

. . . . . .

Wanted—One book of knowledge for Miss W. of IB, which will enable her to answer at least one question a year.

. . . . . .

Wanted—A detective to locate Mr. B. of IVB and to report to Miss W. of IB his whereabouts.

. . . . . .

Wanted—Some one to give Miss McC. of IB, a new beautifier, as hers is about gone.

. . . . . .

Miss Beard to Mr. J. of IIIA—Give me a French word

you have learned to-day. Mr. J. *a toe* with a grave accent on it.

. . . . . .

The IIIA has some wonderful curiosities! Simply marvelous!

Human question-mark—Edward Traylor.

Human chatter-boxes—Pauline Bowman and Helen Townes.

. . . . . .

Wanted—One automatic throat-clearer for Miss H. of IIIA.

. . . . . .

Lost—One pair of short trousers sometime between Friday and Monday. Finder will please return to Mr. Jackson of IIIA.

. . . . . .

Wanted by Miss E. of IIIA—A French maid to help her pick up some knowledge of the French language.

. . . . . .

Wanted—By Miss S. of IIIA a *bell* that will ring *only* for her.

. . . . . .

Example of mixed metaphor given by Mr. Miller in IIIA English—

"I smelt a rat.
I saw it floating in the air.
And I nipped it in the bud."

. . . . . .

Wanted—A referee to decide the daily argument between Mr. M. and Miss S. in IIIB English.

. . . . . .

The Page and Daniel Literary Societies both have had very successful meetings this past month. Officers were installed, and very enjoyable programs were rendered.

These societies are of great benefit to the High School in developing the literary and oratorical talents of the pupils. The officers are as follows:

JOHN W. DANIEL SOCIETY.

President—Helen Townes.
Vice-President—Fred Riddle.
Secretary—Sam Elliott.
Treasurer—Jean Stribling.
Chief Marshal—Randlett Jones.
Critic—Miss Segar.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE SOCIETY.

President—Walter Buchanan.
Vice-President—Richard Gill.
Secretary—George Goodwyn.
Treasurer—Kennon Collier.
Chief Marshal—Herbert Jones.
Critic—Mr. Miller.

. . . . . .

It was the great pleasure of the High School to have as its guests, this last month, the Baptist Quartette of Atlanta, Ga., which rendered a most enjoyable program. Dr. Weston Brunner, a visiting Evangelist, and Dr. L. M. Roper, pastor of the First Baptist Church, accompanied them, and assisted in the opening exercises.

. . . . . .

About forty-five new books, in addition to a set of *The Book of Knowledge* for the 7th Grade, have been added to the Library during the past month, and from the use that is being made of them, they have undoubtedly contributed much to the usefulness as well as the pleasure afforded by the Library.

Athletics

Athletics are once more in full sway at the High School, and we sincerely believe that the football squad which represents the Red and Black this year will be one of which any High School might be duly proud. We are indeed fortunate in having two such efficient coaches as Mr. Miller, our English teacher, and Mr. Herbert Gilliam, who in 1911 and 1912 showed his ability as a coach by developing winning teams from apparently hopeless material.

This year a squad of about 20 fellows, led by Captain Elliott, has been put through a stiff practice every day, and the candidates have been shifted from one position to another to determine their ability until at last they present an "eleven" which is destined, we believe, to trail its opponents' banners in the dust and to bring victory to old P. H. S.

The first game of the season was played here October 3 against John Marshall High School, who succeeded in defeating us by the score of 41-0. Although the Marshallites outweighed our fellows ten or fifteen pounds to the man, nevertheless we put up a stiff fight, and had it been a little later in the season, the result would probably have been different.

On October 9 the husky bunch of farmers from Chester met us on our own gridiron, and, greatly elated over the way they had held the Richmond Academy the week before, they felt almost sure of taking back our scalps with them to Chester. But pride cometh before a fall; the Chester fellows never had a "look in." Again and again we successfully worked the forward pass and long end runs. Every member of the High School team was "on his toes," and we well deserved a victory of 32-0. The squad is as follows.

Elliott (captain), R. Jones, Chas. Walthall, Clarence Walthall, Riddle, Rees, Mosby, H. Jones, Dyer, S. Elliott, Jordan, Hatchett, M. Jackson, Steere, Westmoreland, Gill, Gilliam, Burge.

Manager Jones has arranged a fine schedule for the coming year, including Farmville High School, Lynchburg High School, Blackstone Academy, Richmond Academy, Suffolk High School and Ashland High School.

WHO HELD THE STAKES?

Mary—I'll bet you would not dare to hold a girl on your lap.

Sammy—I think I'll take you up on that.

Bang! went the rifles at the manoeuvers,

"Oh, Oh!" screamed a pretty girl as she stepped backwards into the arms of a young man.

"Oh," she said, blushing, "I was frightened at the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," replied the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."

KATHERINE JONES, – – – *Editor.*

Misses Dillon, Gerow and Stribling, graduates of class 1913, with Misses Beatrice Coleman, Virginia Ridenour and Otelia Wachsman, class '14, are at Harrisonburg State Normal.

Miss Lelia Lassiter is continuing her studies at Cornell University.

Charles M. Gilliam, Jr., of class 1914, is engaged in civil engineering work in South Carolina.

P. H. S. is represented in Lexington, Va., by George Morrison, Charles Stribling, and Charles Camp, students at Washington and Lee, while Richard Patterson is enrolled among the cadets at V. M. I.

The friends of Miss Louise Hines will find her at Sweet Briar for the coming year.

Randolph-Macon Woman's College has enrolled the P. H. S. honor graduates of 1914: Misses Elizabeth and Frances Drewry.

We had the pleasure of seeing in our city recently Roslyn Young, graduate '14, now at Randolph-Macon, and T. F. Heath, a former High School student, who is now at Woodberry Forest.

We are also represented this year at Randolph-Macon College by Wallace Bowman and Reuben Alley of the 1914 class.

Miss Nellie Seabury, and Misses Madge and Nellie Hood are attending the Farmville Normal this year.

It is but right that our State University should claim the largest number of our High School students, and for the present year we find enrolled Messrs. Robert Butcher, Whitney Kinsey, Kevan Booth, Edgar Gilliam, Nicholas Munson, and Gustav Svetlic.

Miss Martha Lawrence is specializing in music at the Baltimore Conservatory.

FORCE OF HABIT.

"Ethel," said the Judge, "I have loved you for many years. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, this is so sudden," replied Ethel, blushing. "Give me time; I——"

"All right. Ten days on the Island," said the Judge absent-mindedly.

Exchange Department.

FLORENCE T. STRATTON, EDITOR.

We hope that all the magazines that have formerly exchanged with *The Missile* will continue to do so this year, and we should be very glad to receive any new magazines.

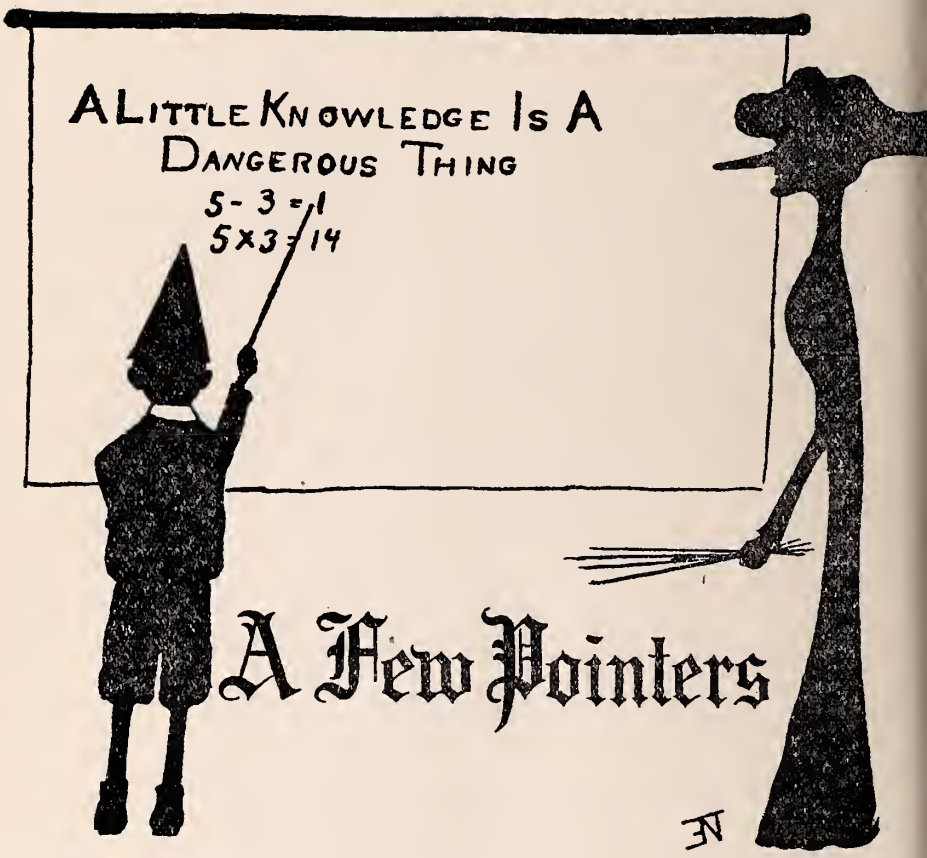
The Blue and the Gray. Your magazine is almost faultless, and is certainly a credit to your school. "Letters of a Japanese School Boy" in the June number is exceedingly clever and very funny.

The Record. Your magazine is very good, but don't you think it would be improved by having more jokes?

The Stuyvesant Stag. The story entitled "De Kentucky Derby," written in Negro dialect, is worthy of notice; but your magazine needs more stories.

The World. Your cover is most attractive and is very appropriate for the season. Also your cuts are excellent and greatly assist in making your magazine interesting.

The Virginia Guide. Your magazine is very interesting this month.



G. Spooner Dunn.

STAGE FRIGHT.

A freshman was chosen to talk
On a very important question,
He eagerly wrote his theme
And put in every suggestion.

He learned it all without break
Up to the appointed day,
But when he arose to speak.
He forgot what he had to say.

Willard Kidd, '16.

A GRATIFYING INDORSEMENT.

"John, Charles, William!" cried the boys' mother, "where are those peaches I left here?"

"In our midst," returned the boys; and when the Doctor called that night the mother knew that her little darlings had spoken truthfully as well as with a grammatical accuracy that is not universal.

The story goes that an old Scottish shepherd who had been faithful to the clan and still wore the Highland kilt was sitting, one cold raw day in winter, upon a hillside tending his sheep. His plaid was wrapped closely around him, but his teeth chattered and his bare legs were blue with cold. A fellow clansman who had been away from his native hills came by, wearing an English overcoat. Observing the shivering shepherd he asked,

"Sandy, are ye no cauld wi' the kilt?"

"Na, na," replied the loyal Sandy, "but a'm near kilt wi' the cauld."

A REGULAR CUSTOMER.

A clergyman, having performed the marriage ceremony for a couple, undertook to write out the usual certificate, but being in doubt as to the day of the month, he asked:

"This is the ninth, is it not?"

"Why, parson," said the blushing bride," you do all my marrying and you ought to remember that this is only the third."

Editor—"James what is that moving in the waste basket—a mouse?"

James (examining basket)—"No sir; it's one of them throbbing, passionate poems, sir."

Editor—"Pour some water on it and throw it into the ash barrel; the place isn't insured."

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